

A painful past

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Summary: Fourteen year old, Mikaela Hyakuya, keeps having the same dream, night after night. He can't seem to get rid of the guilt that he has been carrying for the past two years.

A painful past

"Y-Yuu..." Mikaela started to toss and turn in his sleep, whimpering loudly. "Yuu, no!" Mikaela sat straight up in his bed and was breathing quite heavily. His heart felt as if it would jump from his chest at any moment. Looking around quickly, he soon realized that it had all just been a horrible nightmare.

He kept having the same dream, over and over again. It's been going on now for at least two months. Sniffling, he clenched his hands into fists.

He would be eating a peaceful dinner with Yuu and the rest of his family, when the vision would suddenly turn a deep red. Blinking a few times, the male could see that they weren't at home anymore. They were in the great hallway, the place where they were supposed to escape. There was no one in the room and Mikaela would walk towards the centre, where everything suddenly turns grim. The bodies of his family would be lying all around him, with limbs ripped off and blood spilled everywhere. No matter where he looked, the blood clouded his vision. Falling backwards onto the floor, Ferid would come into view, his cold smile sending shivers through Mikaela's body. Getting up, he would run towards the other male and start to kick him, screaming and crying.

That's when he would wake up.

Reaching up, Mikaela wiped the sleep from his eyes and felt something wet come off, onto his hand. Sniffling a couple more times, he wasn't surprised to come to know that he had been crying.

Sighing rather heavily, he turned and slowly started to stand up. He looked down at the floor and frowned. He kept being tormented by the dream and nothing he did seemed to get rid of it. He had bags underneath his eyes and he could hear people in the castle whisper, as they walked down the hallway sometimes. He knew that they were talking about him, because they'd turn and look right at him. He was nothing but a laughing stock here. He wanted his family back...He wanted his Yuu back...

All of that was history though, so he didn't know why he was continuously being tortured like this. Maybe it was because he couldn't let go of the guilt that he carried with him, day after day.

If he hadn't of cozied up to Ferid, none of it would have happened and his family would still be alive. They'd all be nothing but livestock though. Mikaela had wanted more than that for them. He had wanted it so badly, that he had stooped to the lowest level possible to get it. He had thought that he had Ferid right where he wanted him, when really, he had just played right into the vampire's hands. His foolishness had gotten everyone killed. Everyone except for Yuu. He had been spared for some reason and Mikaela had been so happy.

Crying out in pain, he fell to his knees and tried to catch his breath. He winced as he felt a sharp pain in his chest and tears started to fall onto the floor. "I'm sorry...I'm so sorry everyone..." He squeezed his eyes shut and bit the side of his lip, giving into the guilt that had enveloped him like a large blanket.

A little bit of time passes...

An announcement came over the intercom, "Mikaela Hyakuya, you are wanted by Lady Krul. Please do not doddle..."

Raising his head, Mikaela sniffled and sighed. He didn't want to go and see her, but he knew that he had to. She was incredibly patient, at least with him, but she was a vampire and he didn't want to push her too far. He never thought that Ferid was capable of such horrible things, because he seemed so calm on the outside. He was proven wrong though.

Once he got to the main hall, Mikaela took a deep breath and wiped the leftover tears from his eyes. He then took a step forward and continued down the long corridor, that led to Krul's chambers.

"You called?" Mikaela looked around the room and his eyes soon fell upon Krul, who was in her usual spot, the throne.

"Yes. You haven't drank in five days, am I correct? You must be starving...come, I shall give you my blood." Mikaela shook his head quickly and averted his eyes. "No! I don't want it!" Before he could say another word, Krul started to walk up to him. Did he finally push her too far? When she got closer, he closed his eyes, expecting a slap in the face, or a kick to the stomach.

Neither one came though, so he opened his eyes. "Did you honestly think that I was going to hit you?" Mikaela frowned and his eyes fell on the floor. "I'm sorry..." She had never abused him, so he didn't

know why the thought had even entered his mind at all.

"Has something happened? You don't seem like yourself Mikaela." All it took was those words to trigger him and his legs instantly gave out on him. Falling to his knees, he bent forward and clenched his hands into fists on the floor. He hung his head in shame and his bangs fell in front of his eyes.

Krul sighed and bent down to the boy's level. "Don't tell me that you're still hung up over what happened two years ago!"

Her words cut like a knife and Mikaela could feel his heart crumble into a thousand tiny little pieces. "I don't...I don't want this...why didn't you just let me die? I wanted to die so badly...so tell me why!" He started to sob and he hated himself even more, for having shown such a weakness to a vampire.

Krul's eyes widened, not expecting such a question from the boy. She had taken a liking to him. Most recently though, it was more than just an interest. She cared for Mikaela and wanted to keep him safe. What she didn't know, was whether it was for selfish reasons or not. "I am afraid that I cannot answer that."

Reaching out, she gently pat him on the cheek and then lifted his chin. "Drink my blood Mikaela. You don't want to turn into something hideous, do you?" She could feel him tremble and a small smile came to her lips as she pulled away. Lifting her hand, she cut across her wrist and blood started to ooze from the temporary wound.

Watching as Krul cut open her wrist, Mikaela could almost taste the bitter liquid. He was so parched and his throat started to ache instantly, at the smell of the other's blood. He needed it so badly, but he didn't want to turn into a monster. One of them.

Wait.

>He was already a monster.
He had drove his family right to their deaths.

>He was no better then these vampire's.<p>

"Please, forgive me, Yuu..." Tears formed in his eyes, as he whispered the words. He reached out and took Krul's wrist. Bending down, he sank his teeth into her flesh, drinking the blood that pounded through her veins.

End
file.